

THE QUIVER

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THE REV. T. BINNEY.

THERE are "Anakim" in the mental world as well as in the physical: and he whose name heads this article is an Anak indeed. "There were great men in those days," will be as true of

this age as of any antecedent period. We are not of those who have an enthusiastic preference for the past, and are blind to the greatness and goodness which exist in the present. In all divisions of

Christ's catholic Church, we find true successors of Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed, and Augustine, the eloquent expounder of the doctrines of grace. Far be it from us to cherish a holy admiration for the preachers of antiquity, and not for living men. There are multitudes who can appreciate Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, who fail to admire the eloquence of Samuel, Bishop of Oxford; and some who can admire the stalwart theologians of other days—like Baxter—but who are ill-acquainted with such a man in this generation as Binney.

By choice a Congregationalist, by conviction a Nonconformist, he is too large-hearted to be a bigot, and too large-headed to be the mere pet of a party: consequently, when he stands forth on some great occasion, if only to speak a few of his graphic words, Churchmen and Congregationalists gladly greet his manly presence and his sententious Saxon speech.

We do not purpose—in a periodical like THE QUIVER, which belongs to no mere party in Christ's great catholic Church—to give a sort of guide-book history of the life of Mr. Binney: these things have been done *ad nauseam* already. Genealogies, schoolboyisms, and early manhoodisms may be all very interesting to the gossiping ears of the curious, but our space forbids that from which our taste recoils. We find, however, that "on the 30th December, 1824, the Rev. T. Binney, late student at Wymondley College, was ordained pastor of the Independent Church assembling in St. James's Street, Newport, Isle of Wight," and that "on the 29th July, 1829, the Rev. T. Binney was introduced to his new charge at the Weigh House Chapel." Thirty-six years, therefore, he has occupied a very prominent position as a London minister. The vigour of his thought, the originality of his style, and the thorough manhood of his character, very naturally attracted the young men of London; and the Weigh House Chapel has been for many years looked upon, very fairly, as a centre of spiritual power and influence, in connection with the formation of youthful character and the education of youthful thought.

His ever-memorable address, delivered in Exeter Hall, on the question, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" is a fair specimen of the leading elements of Mr. Binney's power. Its argument throughout is strictly logical, and its style is as lucid as its thought is strong. This book quickly ran through many editions; and it is not too much to say that it has materially affected the thought and the life of young men in the present age. Perhaps, however, as a contribution to theological literature, Mr. Binney's "Practical Power of Faith" will be the most permanent of his works.

As a minister, he has enjoyed a remarkably permanent popularity. He is no sensationalist—no

mere sermon compiler—as though the mind was a machine, constructed to turn off so many pages of pretty manuscript every week. No; the sermon strikes you as part of himself. He seems to be giving you of himself, and, consequently, he altogether forgets himself: a strange sentence for the criticism of a pseudo-punster—he forgets himself; yet in the best sense he does: and this is one secret of his power. He does not strike you as a man measuring sentences like a draper does calico, or putting forth ornaments of diction, as a builder does stucco figures on cheap churches. No; he has got a purpose—some royal purpose, which governs all; and, "on that intent," he pushes onward to the goal. There is no racket—no rant in his sermons; and it is quite unnecessary to say there is no cant. There he stands, a Titan in stature, with a head that old Italy might envy, and with a dignified, devout, earnest manner, which very forcibly contrasts with all pulpit foppery and millinery. Withal, whilst the most difficult questions of theology are dealt with, and whilst the phases of modern thought are understood and explained, there is suffusing all a sincere spiritual life, and the all-persuasive influence of evangelic truth.

Mr. Binney is not one of your please-all men, nor does it suggest itself to one that he would care to be. He can come down with a sledge-hammer sort of crack on impudence and ignorance, and a change of his voice and a glance of his eye can wither up in a moment the pretentious and the pert. Amen, so let it be. This is far better than the superlative oiliness which makes some men detestably smooth.

It 1838 Mr. Binney visited Australia for his health. The sea voyage and the change re-strung his nerves; and we read concerning his visit that it awakened an intense excitement in all classes of colonial society. A correspondence ensued between the Bishop of Adelaide and himself, which was afterwards printed. During his stay, crowded congregations gathered around him everywhere; and there, as here, the name of Thomas Binney is held in admiration, honour, and respect.

Are we to lose such a man from the City of London? We hope not. True, the Weigh House Chapel has been sold; true, the minister has been awarded—as indeed he ought in all fairness and honour to have been awarded—a pension of £500 a year for life; no large sum for a man who, if he had been a merchant, might have become a millionaire: but it would be a sad loss for London proper to lose Mr. Binney. Let us hope that as the Congregationalists have secured ground for their new memorial hall (the site of which has cost, we are told, the sum of £40,000), either that a church will be attached to that, in which he, one of the best of City preachers, may still hold forth the Word of Life; or else that a site will be found,

worthy, first, of our common Christianity, worthy, next, of the Congregational body, and worthy, last of all, of that Thomas Binney whose name, everywhere an honoured word, is peculiarly a "household word" in the City of London.

No greater test of a man's power do we know of than when his own brethren look up to him. When a barrister is raised to the bench, you know well what he is by the way his brethren take it; and when the words are heard, "Who shall take this chair?" "Who shall preach this sermon?" "Who shall preside at this gathering?" the name of Thomas Binney is welcomed with universal applause. He is too strong a man to be spoilt by all this, and will put his foot down—smash—on the first thing he does not believe in, never mind who proposes it, or seconds it, or thirds it; this, indeed, is one of the highest elements of his power. Ministers and students everywhere believe that Mr. Binney hates a subterfuge, or a mere seeming, and that anywhere and everywhere he will "bear witness to

the truth." We have mentioned students: he has always been a special favourite with them. Much of this is due, not only to the fact that he is so fresh at heart, but that he is so catholic in his sympathies, and so ready to meet their questionings and doubts with manly honesty and sincerity. Not that he is at all latitudinarian: God forbid. The first principles of the Gospel of Christ have always had the leading place in his preaching.

As in the State, and in other departments of life, we are reaping the reward of Dr. Arnold's wise and earnest training of the young at Rugby, so the City of London will, in the next generation, have to rejoice over many of the merchants and citizens, who will owe their moral manhood, their religious life, and the earnest, Christian nurture of their families to the wise, fervent, intelligent, and evangelic teaching of Thomas Binney. With his lofty figure, and his searching eye, his broad forehead, and his large heart, may it be a long time yet before his Divine Master calls him to his rest and his reward.

THE BYBROOK POWDER-MILLS.—II.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "HAUNTED LONDON," ETC.



It was the Saturday evening of that same week, and Green, the foreman, stood, hat in hand, at Mr. Hawkins's parlour door, sullenly and reluctantly taking his leave.

There were small piles of silver on the table beside an open ledger, for it was pay-day. Mr. Hawkins looked busy and preoccupied.

"I won't interfere in this matter, Green," he said. "You don't like this fine young fellow, and your spite is always bitter. If two workmen fight fairly, in honest quarrel, I don't object. It is ten times better than perpetual mean wrangling, or lying, pettifogging law. Why can't you leave the fellow alone? You've lost the girl. Very well; then lose her with good nature; for, man, you know the old proverb, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.' She wasn't the sort of girl for you. Now, observe this: so end all this scuffle. I shall make Carter assistant foreman, and manager of the glazing-mills, from Monday next—a fortnight, at least, earlier than I intended. No words about it, or you and I must part, Mr. Green." Mr. Hawkins looked at the door, and then bent irrevocably over his account books.

Saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, when mixed, contain, in their black, compound grains, a fierce and deadly, though a dormant power. The foreman's heart at that moment held passions that possessed evils of a more terrible potentiality; but he bowed, and said nothing.

His black hand was still on the handle of the door, when Mr. Hawkins called him back.

"Good gracious!" said the manufacturer; "I'd almost forgotten the only thing I wanted you specially for. Eley's people have written for one hundred sample barrels of our best rifle powder. They want it quick. Let Carter, and two of the best workmen, get everything in order to-morrow evening. Can't help it for once. We must begin at daybreak on Monday. Let the wheel be got in good working order, and all ready for the men."

Green bowed again, and left the room; but, as he left, there was an evil and almost phosphorescent gleam in his eyes—such a gleam as Mr. Millais has so wonderfully expressed in his figure of "The Sower of Tares."

By a quarter past eight o'clock on the Sunday evening the mill was in perfect working order. By half-past eight the men had done their work and left. It only now remained for Carter to visit the mills, and return the keys to Green, who had devolved the task on him.

It was well known in the mills that Carter would be there as near a quarter-past nine as possible, as he had gone with Lucy to Ewell church, which was distant about a mile and a quarter from Bybrook, by the fields. The evening service at Ewell was over about half-past eight, and the walk would take about half an hour.

The labourers had scarcely got beyond the first field from the last patch of willow plantation, on their way to give up the keys to Carter, before a

man rose from a dry ditch half filled with bramble, where he had hidden himself, and stooped behind a great bush of flowering gorse, peering over to observe the men, already small as toy figures in the distance, as they gradually receded into perspective. From where he stood, Green—for he was the person—could see meadow after meadow grow dimmer and bluer, with the little wooden bridge that led into Ewell forming the last object visible to the unaided eye.

How hideously the wretch, whose thoughts were so cruel and murderous, smiled, as he stooped down and tore out a large flint from under the furze bush near which he stood, and, drawing out a small but heavy hammer, proceeded to pound the stone into small, angular fragments. A handful of these he screwed up hastily in a piece of newspaper, and thrust into his pocket.

"Now, my man," he cried, as he leaped back into the willow copse—"now, you shall find I'm as good as my word; for I'll send you to heaven a little before your time."

With the cruel speed of a tiger, Green leaped rather than ran back to the glazing-mill. The door was locked; but he drew a duplicate key from his pocket, and softly opened it. There were the barrels half full of powder, there the machinery connected with the outer wheel, to which the barrels were already fastened; while over all rose the flimsy black, conical roof. In a moment, with the dexterity of long habit, the villain removed two of the lids of the casks, and strewed his flint-dust, mixed with powder, upon and around the axle of the wheel, so that the slightest movement would produce a shower of sparks, any one of which would instantly communicate with the open casks.

Green had planned his crime with a terrible sagacity: only interposition direct from heaven could save his unsuspecting victims. He knew that it was a rule with every inspector of powder-mills to visit first the grinding-mill, and the other buildings in rotation, ending with the glazing-mill, having workmen to raise the dam while he observed inside the mill whether the wheel had been properly oiled, and worked with evenness and regularity. That moment death would strike all within the mill.

In the meantime the two lovers, heedless of the evil awaiting one of them, came rambling along the stream, their conversation only interrupted by his stopping to pick bunches of forget-me-not, or by her running to gather odorous flowers of meadow-sweet.

On the last stile but one sat a person whose back was turned to them. As he heard their voices, he turned and came towards them. To their surprise, it was Mr. Hawkins.

"Ha, Carter! Good evening, Lucy. Carter,

I wanted to see you. I've got the keys from the men and sent them off. I want to go with you and see the wheel work. There is a slight hitch, Green says, in one of the floats: we must look to it, for it rather slackens the speed. We ought to have the carpenter to overhaul the whole affair, or we shall be stopped before we get this important job done for Eley's people."

"All right, sir," said Carter. "If you like, I'll leave Lucy to come on shortly, and run round the side way, and pull the hatches up."

"No, no, John!" said Mr. Hawkins; "I'm not quite so helpless as all that. You know I was a working man myself once, and can bear a hand at most things. I'll run and pull up the hatches, while you go straight to the glazing-mill (here are the keys); you'll be there before I shall get to the mill-dam. You look at the wheel and see how it works. Don't you hurry; you can come on quietly with Lucy; it isn't two minutes for you along the bank."

As he said this, Mr. Hawkins ran off, laughing; and in a moment or two was out of sight.

At the very moment when Mr. Hawkins was pushing his way through the willows, half hidden by their netted branches and the thick undergrowth that grew around them, Green was closing the door of the glazing-mill with all the caution of a practised thief. His quick, frightened eye had caught a momentary glimpse of the figure of a man passing hastily through the wood, which now stood out dark against a rose-coloured sky. Quick as thought, the guilty wretch, for fear he might be seen, unlocked the door softly and stole in, closing and locking it behind him. No doubt Carter and Lucy were coming; so before the man could reach the dam, he would slip out of the glazing-mill, and dart off some hundreds of yards in a northward direction, where the brick warehouse would protect him from the death to which he had so ruthlessly devoted others. The figure was just disappearing round a corner of the wood as Green turned the key to let himself out. At that same instant John Carter, with his arm round the waist of Lucy, who was singing a hymn in a clear, sweet voice, came slowly down the steep path leading to the valley below the mill, and some thirty feet below its level.

There was still ample time for Green to slink out unnoticed, and plunge into the willow grove; but at that moment, as he turned to unlock the door, to his ineffable horror and the freezing of his very heart, the great black wheel lifted and began to slowly revolve. With a scream of anguish, he seized a huge iron capstan bar, and, lifting it as if it was a reed, such supernatural strength his terror gave him, thrust it between the shafts of the wheel to arrest its movement. The wheel stopped, but it stopped with a sudden jolt. Then there

came a blinding, volcanic outburst of flame, and as it spread with a roar as of an earthquake, and a vomit of sulphurous smoke, the mill, torn to shreds, rose into the air in fiery shatters, amid a storm of blazing rafters and black shapeless fragments.

The engineer had indeed been "hoist by his own petard." One of the two workmen whom Green had seen, had, unknown to him, returned by a back way and lifted the hatches. It was soon discovered that Green had perished in the mysterious explosion; but the crime he had planned was never known. That bad man's intention had not been the result of a momentary temptation. He

had taken many previous steps in the downward path, and long indulgence in the evil and Satanic passions of a wicked heart, thoroughly given over to evil, had prepared the way, slowly but surely, for the last great crime. John and Lucy, who hidden in the valley had so providentially escaped, were soon after married, and Mr. Hawkins, instantly the glazing-house was rebuilt, appointed John Carter foreman of the Bybrook Powder-Mills.

Mr. Hawkins was a God-fearing man. From that day forth it became the inviolable rule at Bybrook never to touch the mill on Sundays, not even to prepare the Monday's work. Nor did the mills thrive one bit the worse for this rule, in spite of all the sneers of less conscientious rivals.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE, M.A., ST. JAMES'S, HOLLOWAY.

"My times are in thy hands."



Every undertaking it is immensely advantageous to make a good beginning. A racer who starts well has a good chance of winning the prize. First impressions, whether favourable or not, are retained ever after; besides, it is comparatively easy to follow up a good beginning; but if a wrong step be taken at the outset, it leaves so much to be undone, besides the waste of time and labour, that future efforts are discouraged, and success becomes more difficult and uncertain.

Our readers are all resolved, we trust, to begin the New Year well. Its first week is already come: the future weeks of the year may take their aspect from this. Much of our spiritual happiness and conduct may depend upon the manner in which we spend the first Sunday. So, too, with each first action of the year. Our first engagement in private prayer, and Scripture-reading; our first act of domestic worship; our first assembling for public devotion, and then each successive act of worship; our first confession of sin in the year; our first supplication, intercession, thanksgiving; our first song of praise; the first sermon; our first celebration of the Holy Communion; these first acts may give the key-note to the whole series which may follow during the year.

The consciousness of our entire ignorance of the future occupies our minds somewhat oppressively as we make our entrance upon the obscure uncertainties of another year. It is a closed volume, full of varied and mysterious arrangements, the first chapter of which is just opening. What events are inscribed in its inscrutable pages—what changes for the better or the worse; what perils or deliverances; what unexpected transitions from sorrow to joy, or

from joy to sorrow; what successes in the plans of life, or defeats; what hours of weary toil, or scenes of faithful service; or whether issues of still graver character may befall us—possibly even that event of all others the most momentous, the termination of life itself, and our entrance, before another year begins, upon the "power of an endless life"—these prospective possibilities may well invest our entrance upon a New Year with much serious and vigilant reflection. Encouraging and instructive suggestions are now especially seasonable. Among the many golden lessons which the mine of Scripture yields in rich abundance, none is better calculated to add strength to patience, perseverance to duty, or stability to faith, to tinge our sorrows with the brightness of hope, than the devout confidence in God expressed in the motto at the head of this paper: "My times are in thy hands."

1. *This is the obvious reflection of one accustomed to an intelligent observation of God's dealings.* It betokens a calm, devout, confiding spirit. Here is nothing rash, nothing impulsive, nothing which another might question or deny. He looks reverently upward, and there, in His pavilion of clouds and darkness, discerns the throne of the Great King, who orders all things according to the counsel of his own will. Reviewing the events of his own lifetime, he sees all bearing the distinct marks of Divine superintendence,—guiding, preserving, overruling; thus convincing him that an invisible hand has led him hitherto. He looks forward with the assurance of the same providential guidance, that the same pillar of cloud by day, and column of fire by night, will ever show him the way amid the dark uncertainties of the future. He thinks of others too; his own loved circle at home, creating, year by year, fresh anxieties, as well as endearments, and asks himself

what the New Year may bring to them. He calls others to mind whose "times" were pre-eminently in the Lord's hands. The great truth, that all our times are in the hands of God the Father Almighty, is embodied in the belief of the universal Church, even as it has found its way among her devourest songs:

"Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see:
But I ask thee for an upright mind,
Intent on pleasing thee."

2. *It is well that our times are in His hands.* No man of experience and matured understanding wishes it otherwise. Who would wisely undertake to guide his own course during the ensuing year? The fabled temerity that asked to drive the chariot of the sun for one single day, were an act of sober wisdom, compared with the perilous hazard he would incur who seeks for one year to hold the reins of his own destiny. The aspect of the next twelve months is wrapt in the profoundest secrecy. We cannot draw the veil aside, even to catch the least glimmer of what shall be on the morrow. The knowledge of futurity is one of the prerogatives of the omniscient Ruler of all things. Our Lord assured even his twelve disciples, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." Men murmur at the darkness of the future; they speculate, and reason, and seek to penetrate the veil, as if they defied Omnipotence to conceal his purposes. But not for one instant does he disclose to any man what lies hidden in the inscrutable mysteries of the future. Unexpected results and new difficulties continually arise to hamper our schemes and frustrate our cherished intentions, teaching us, often by humiliating disappointments, that we are not the authors of our own destiny. Let us begin the year by devoutly resigning the arrangements of life again into his hands, in the humble self-renunciation of the prophet—"I know, O Lord, that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

3. *We are thankful that it is not.* It imparts a calm and confiding satisfaction, when entering upon the unknown course of the year, to feel assured that the "God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" has supreme charge of all its coming events. Nothing can take him by surprise. The arrangements of the year, and of "the years of many generations," are as intimately present to his eye as the occurrences of to-day. Whatever befalls us will be endorsed by his approbation "who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in wisdom." All the items which the coming months of the year will unfold—its mercies, and trials, and changes—its smiles and tears—the clouds we so much dread, and the bright events we so eagerly desire—all are selected and

arranged with consummate wisdom to be interwoven into the mysterious design which now begins to be unfolded: goodness and mercy, like threads of gold, are again to run throughout. No elements can find their way into the strange combinations of the year but will work together for good, and swell its aggregate of blessing. "For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee."

4. *Our times, this New Year, will, of course, bring the recurrence of ordinary duties and events.* Convulsive changes happen at long intervals, and only now and then. Great and signal occurrences in the social or spiritual world which the history of the year may record, will be accomplished by slow and scarcely observable agencies. The seasons will melt imperceptibly into each other,—days and nights will fade silently away,—seeds cast abroad by the sower's hand will slowly invest the ground with verdant hues, changing again, by little and little, to the golden luxuriance of the harvest-field.

So with the occupations of the year. We must pursue again the same round of daily life, trivial in many of its details, wearisome perhaps; the same path to be trodden, the same thing to be done over and over again, and the same words to be said, leaving no impression anywhere, as we are apt to think. Let us be on our guard, lest we should undervalue the time spent in the unobserved fulfilment of everyday duties. We ought to remember who He was that passed thirty years of his mysterious sojourn, unnoticed by the world, among the duties of humble life, giving us the pattern, and enforcing the duty, in all places and at all times, of being "about the Father's business." Little by little is God's great law everywhere. It takes imperceptible evaporations, and gathers them into the broad canopy of clouds that overspread the sky. It collects rain-drops into streams, and augments streams into rivers, and makes rivers swell into oceans.

Individuals, too, rise to eminence by little and little. Men are not made great and good by sudden and spasmodic efforts—"vaulting ambition doth o'erleap itself"—but by steady, silent, persevering labour. Islands have been upheaved in a night by some volcanic convulsion, and as suddenly disappeared again; but the coral islands of the Pacific, slowly emerging through the labours of unwearied but unobserved workers, present a scene for man's habitation, defiant of danger and unrivalled for beauty.

Calculate, then, upon a year of steadfast, persevering labour. Think of the merchant princes who, through God's blessing, have raised themselves to position and power,—the skilled mechanics, heads of mercantile departments, painters,

musicians, authors; mothers, too, "blessed among women," eminent for their wise home-training, who, in after years, are reverently honoured by their grateful sons. These heights of eminence are not scaled at once by any sudden impulse or fortunate adventure, but by the constant repetition of efforts, up-hill, step by step, laborious and constant, day by day and month after month, until at last they planted their feet upon an eminence to which others with less diligent perseverance aspired in vain, and which they thank God for enabling them to reach.

It is in this way that character is formed. Let us enter on the year under the strong conviction that it is to the recurrence of seemingly little things that we shall owe the change which will have come upon us when its months shall close. The daily act, unobserved by others, of Bible-reading, and kneeling down, when quite alone, to spend some few minutes, at least, in real communion with God,—the humble confession of sin,—supplication for pardon and all needful blessings, both for the body and soul,—intercessory prayer on behalf of others, and devout thanksgiving for all "the blessings of this life"—the effort steadily made to live every day as in the Lord's sight,—the determination to cultivate a thoughtful spirit, self-governing, patient, prayerful, content with the Lord's disposal of us, and seeking to live unto him, availing ourselves of every means of spiritual progress—if we enter upon the year in this spirit, and persevere, such blessed results will ensue that we shall thank God, and others will thank God too, that we have not lived this year in vain, or wasted our time and labour upon selfish, worldly, or unprofitable pursuits.

5. *The year will bring its times of marked and special importance.* We may be sure of this. The uniform succession of little things, of which life is chiefly made up, is interrupted by events of great and abiding significance. Special conjunctions of circumstances occur, like the point where cross-roads meet, when the success of the journey depends upon selecting the right path. Such times, no doubt, will occur to us this year. Our conduct at such critical times may influence all the future years of our life. When Jacob stood in disguise before his father, and stealthily obtained the birthright, the consequences of that one treacherous act never forsook him. When the young ruler came in haste to Jesus, and, with great outward deference, asked his counsel how to obtain eternal life, who can tell what issues, as to his character and prospects, were wrapped up in that brief occurrence? When a young Jewish king, with his sister, surrounded with great pomp, listened to St. Paul pleading for Christ, and souls, and eternity, who can say how far the contempt with which Agrippa dismissed the preacher, and forgot the sermon, helped to prepare himself, and his sister too, for the career of abandoned

profligacy which both of them afterwards spent at Rome?

6. *The year must bring its times of temptation.* Incidents of this kind, we know, are scattered all along the pathway of life. Something occurs every day to put our fidelity to the test. But there are special occasions when the whole force of evil seems concentrated upon us, when ordinary precautions fail, and we must muster all our aids to conquer, or we must fall. Be sure that the year will bring us into such collisions with evil. And what if we are found unable to endure them! Who can estimate the series of evil-doings that may follow from one act of sin? If the year should witness you taking the first step, whether it be the utterance of a first falsehood, the first act of fraud, or intemperance, or licentious indulgence, however secret,—the first defiant look cast at parental rule,—the first deliberate association with the ungodly, or lenient approval of some foul sentiment or poisoned book,—the first uttering with the lip of what the heart smote you for uttering, or your entrance among scenes from which you knew you ought to keep scrupulously separate—who can estimate the result upon your character of such transgression? Every man's life contains these critical times, on which issues unspeakably eventful all seem to depend. If, as a faithful soldier of Christ, he pass the first conflict in triumph, the severest test of fidelity is over, and each succeeding trial is easier to bear. But, if you are defeated at first, the power of conscientious resistance is so broken,—the sense of shame, and the sting of self-reproach so discouraging,—the next and each following temptation is bolder than the former,—that sin has got free access to the man's spirit, and nothing but a miracle of interposing grace can withhold him from yielding himself up to the infatuation of some dominant evil, or plunging with hurried and heedless steps into the depths of woe. Beware, then, of first temptations. Everything is staked on that critical onset. If you stand, "Well done! thou bold and faithful soldier of Christ," bursts from myriads of unseen witnesses, thanking God for your first victory, as they hold forth, as it were, the garlands of conquest to wreath your brow. But if you fail, a thrill of sorrow runs through those bright hosts, while the ranks of your enemies are filled with shouts of malignant joy—"There, there! so would we have it." Oh! cry mightily to the God of your life, that he may guard you through this year with his protecting shield, and with great might succour you in all dangers and adversities.

7. *Our times of the year's duties are in the Lord's hand.* As you travel from county to county, through a succession of hills, vales, woods, fields, every available spot bears the marks of ownership and cultivation. See that you make the succession of days, weeks, and months through which the

wheels of Time may this year conduct you, rich and fertile with conscientious service. Let there be no neglected moments, no idle hours left for Satan's growth of thorns and briars; no days lost by indolence, or useless and unprofitable trifling put down to the wrong side of life's great account, deducting from the fruitful blessings of the year. Whatever may be the duties of the day, whether tedious and insignificant as we may think, or involving great results, let us enter upon them determined to abate that large item of omission and negligence which has already proved so great a drawback to our usefulness and comfort. To do everything in its appointed time is one great secret of successful labour. Whatever God expects us to do, he gives time enough to do it; brief, and soon gone, but still long enough if seized at the proper moment; but if lost then, it never returns.

When the Lord took Peter, James, and John to Gethsemane, he specially needed their watchfulness and sympathy; but the night was dark, and they were weary. He returned to them, sorrowful even to death, and found them asleep. He rebuked them gently, by asking if they could not watch with him one hour. They knew they ought, but failed. Again he reproves them, the second, and even third time; at last they were roused, but it was too late. The time to watch was gone, and their duties, for which watching was meant as the preparation, came rushing on, and they were not ready. "Sleep on now, and take your rest: behold, he is at hand that doth betray me."

The year's duties as they lie in the aggregate before us, seem an appalling amount of labour. But no one day will make any oppressive demand. The Atlantic Cable placed on board ship, seemed an incredible amount of coil, weighing enough to freight one of the largest vessels; but to pay out so much per day as they sailed along, distributed the labour, and reduced the demand for each day within easy proportions. So with the duties of the year. As we sail over the broad expanse of time, carrying with us the prescribed allotment of service, let each day's duties be fulfilled in its appointed time; and, as the year shall close upon us, whether in this world or the next, we shall bear our grateful testimony to Him who appoints our work, and strengthens us to fulfil it—"I have finished the work which thou hast given me to do."

8. "*My times are in thy hands.*" Then, if so, leave them there without murmuring or anxiety. As the year goes on, we shall have abundant matter to awaken anxious care. Poor, tempted, ignorant, needy as we are, just entering upon another year, to be spent in a world of disorder, and sin, and sorrow, cares, like a surging torrent, must come rolling

over the soul. Some, perhaps, may even now discern the signs of stormy dispensations already gathering in the distance. No wonder that such things make us afraid. There are no stoics in the school of Christ. The heart, broken by its sense of sin, has tender sympathies when brought under the chastening of the Father's rod. There is a deep and touching emphasis in that petition of the Litany of the Church of England, where Divine deliverance is supplicated "in all times of our tribulation." It may be a long and wearisome time, it may be some tribulation like the falling of an avalanche, filling the surrounding valleys with the re-echoings of sudden desolation. Be it so. My times are in thy hands. There I have a sure refuge. As my day so shall my strength be. A burden that would crush a little infant to the earth, is easily carried by the strong shoulders of that infant's father. Trials that would once have laid us prostrate, are afterwards borne with a spirit of patient abiding with God. We can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth us. Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you. The government is on his shoulders. These cares are his. We have no need, and no right to make them ours. God has told us to cast them all upon him—all our spiritual cares, business cares, domestic cares, for ourselves or others—every care that relates to the life that now is, or that which is to come—let us cast them all upon him, and thus show that we believe "he careth for us." And leave them there. Let us not begin the year dejected and suspicious, sinking under the oppressive fear that desolating disasters scattering our interests to the winds, are gathering in the distance. No matter what the year has in store, commit yourself, body, spirit, soul—your kindred and varied interests affecting both worlds—the past with its many sins, the present with all its anxieties, and the future pregnant with issues too momentous to estimate—commit them all to Him, by specific acts of devout self-surrender, and then begin the year as one without a burden or a fear. We are beginning a new portion of time in a changing world. Everything around us is changing; we are changing too ourselves—

"Change is our portion here;
Yet midst our changing lot,
Midst withering flowers and tempests drear,
There is that changes not:
Unchangeable Jehovah's word,
'I will be with thee,' saith the Lord.

"Changeless the way of peace,
Changeless Immanuel's name,
Changeless the covenant of peace—
Eternally the same.
'I change not,' is our Father's word;
'Thou art my portion, holy Lord.'"



"God's blessing be about him, girl,
God's blessing on your choice!"—p. 266.

MARY'S WEDDING-DAY.

IT'S a bonnie morning, Mary,
And I like a wedding bright,
For the joy of it comes o'er us
In each coming summer's light.

I don't believe that happiness depends on sun or
rain,
But I'd wish a pleasant marriage-day, if I were
young again.

Ah, girl, it's fifty years and more
Since the day that I was bride;
And the best man earth ever knew
Was the man who walked beside.
Why he chose me I cannot tell,—I was but a
childish thing:
He was like a ripened summer, and I like a fickle
spring.

And I mind my mother kissed me,
As she smoothed a straying curl,
And she said, "I've but one counsel
To give to my darling girl:
Just once a week, my daughter—let it be on the
Sabbath morn—
Read that chapter of those duties which a woman
most adorn."

And so I did, dear Mary,
And I prayed an earnest prayer,
That God would take my simple heart,
And put such virtue there.

I know your grandfather, my child, must many
faults have seen;
But, thank God! ere he died, he said, "What a
blessing you have been!"

I charged your mother so, Mary;
And if God had let her live
To see her daughter's wedding-day,
Such counsel would she give.

And, Mary, when in God's dear house you're pray-
ing on your knees,
Although you seem an orphan bride, don't doubt
your mother sees.

I hear the lasses in the lane,
And that's the bridegroom's voice!
God's blessing be about him, girl,
God's blessing on your choice!

And Heaven grant, when many years of married
life you've seen,

You hear your husband fondly say, "What a
blessing you have been!" I. F.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

BOB FOSTER'S STORY.

PERHAPS you don't know Bargate
Hall: well that's where I went to
school, and a queer sort of place it
was. It was a fine house enough,
but it ran up so high, that it was
always looking down proudly on all the
rest of the world; and the chimney-
pots seemed a great deal more consequential up
there than the monuments do in Westminster Abbey.
The rooms in it were very large, and some of them
very gloomy. A shout would echo all along the
passages, and in the echo I think the voices of
dead and gone generations were often heard—at all
events, I used to hear them after dark. But our
schoolroom was modern enough, and everything
matched well in it, except the master. Putting
him in that room, with those boys, was like putting
a coat of the Middle Ages upon a dandy of the
present year. He was a mild old gentleman, and
when we upset him, he used to talk to us as Lord
Chesterfield talked to his son, and set before us,
in wonderfully dry discourses, the whole duty of
boys.

But we had some jolly times in that school. My

bedroom was at the end of a long passage, and
there was a window looking out on to the lawn. I,
and Tom Wickham and Harry Travers, had the room
to ourselves; and many a time, I am sorry to say,
we had evening parties up there, when good old Dr.
Beitall thought we were in bed and sound asleep.
We were the three senior scholars—at least, we
called ourselves so, because we were higher up in
the school than some of the fellows who were older;
and we three always acted together, and invariably
carried the school with us. And so, if any plot
was brewing, or anything out of the common way
was to be done, the matter was always referred to
the triumvirate; and if it was not, the triumvirate
felt bound to annihilate the scheme, root and branch:
and thus we retained and magnified our position.

One day a great event happened. Dr. Beitall,
with as much solemnity as if he were telling us that
an earthquake had swallowed up two-thirds of the
world, announced that a new boy was coming to
the school, and as he was my senior in years, it
was decided that he should share our room, as there
was plenty of space for another inmate.

The first time I saw him I took a dislike to him.
He looked as if he thought himself the greatest man
alive; he strutted about, and showed such fine

sirs, that I made up my mind we should not get on together.

"Are you Bob Foster?" said he, as he came into the room, the first evening.

"Yes. Are you Ted Hill?" said I.

Talk of fire-flies; they could not compare with the flash of his eyes, as he took out a card, whereon was written, in tip-top mode, "Edward Vernon Hill." I tossed the card on the table, and laughed "Ha! ha!" Tom Wickham took the cue, and the card, and did the same; and Harry Travers—good-tempered soul, he would have put his head in the fire, if I only gave him a wink to that effect—after he had had his laugh, carefully pinned the card up on the wall among our other curiosities.

Dominoes were in season with us at that particular time, and we prepared for our usual game.

So I said to Edward Vernon Hill, "Will you join us?"

He smiled pitifully, stroked the place where a few downy hairs showed that there might be a moustache some day, if he lived long enough, and said—

"Dominoes! *Dominoes!* No, I thank you. And now I want you fellows to understand a thing or two. If you think you can come the old soldier over me, or rule the roost here, you are mistaken. I will take no insults from you, and if dominoes are to be the go, or whatever else, it shall be with my consent, as well as yours."

The gauntlet was thrown down, and that very night war began. Hill had heated himself with his speech, and he threw open the window. It was a chilly night, and I asked him to shut it down.

"Not if I know it," said he.

"Very well; our movements shall be regulated by vote. Hands up for closing the window." Up went Tom's, and Harry's, and mine, in a moment; but Mr. Hill sat composedly, with his feet resting gracefully upon the window-sill. I made for the window, and attempted to close it, but he held it up with his hand.

"Now, it is a mere question whether you go out of window or on the floor," said I. "In this room the majority shall carry the day, and I will undertake to see that they do." And so saying, I took him by the collar and trousers, and flung him into the room: and so the window was closed.

From that night troublous times ensued, and not a day passed without plenty of tiffs, and sometimes actual rows. Tom Wickham and Harry Travers were stanch as steel, and they backed me through thick and thin; but all our pleasant, cosy evenings were spoiled. He would make no overtures to us, nor we to him. At last things got to be so uncomfortable, that I went down one day to see Dr. Beittall, and asked if some other arrangements could not be made. But all I could get from him was a homily on "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness."

Early in December matters were no better, and Edward Vernon Hill had been more than a month an inmate of our dormitory. It happened one Saturday afternoon that a sharp frost set in, and the triumvirate set off to Bay Hole, our favourite summer bathing-place, to see what the chances were of ice bearing during the week. Bay Hole was a creek, very deep in the middle, and a channel between two high banks led into the river, which was broad and deep in that part. As we went, who should join us but the inevitable Hill. We tried to shirk him, treated him with indifference, told him we did not want him; but it was all in vain, come with us he would. Instead, therefore, of enjoying our walk, and having plenty of fun, we were nagging all the way; I contended that the frost would set in hard, and that by Monday the ice would be six inches thick. Hill, of course, opposed me, and declared the frost was breaking already, and there was every sign of Monday being a soaking wet day. Such little things lead to serious quarrels! By the time we reached Bay Hole words ran high, and my blood was boiling with passion. Tom Wickham asked me if I dared to jump from bank to bank across the channel, and he said this to divert the storm which was brewing.

"He may, if you put him in a baby-jumper," said Hill.

I couldn't stand that; my temper was up. I let fly at him with all my force. He reeled, and fell with a dead heavy splash into the Bay Hole. With his hands thrown wildly up in the air, he sank; and so paralysed were we with fear and horror, that for a moment or two we all stood breathless and transfixed. But it was only for a moment or two, and then I threw off my jacket and dived in exactly on the spot where he had fallen. I shall never forget the agony of mind I was in while I was in the water. The cold did not chill me; one dreadful thought held me spell-bound, for I remembered that just in that part of the Bay Hole there were snags and branches of an old tree lying there. In vain I tried to grope my way: a dreadful oppression compelled me to rise to the top and breathe; but once again I dived down, for I felt certain that Hill's body was entangled among the boughs, and that he was dying there.

My efforts were fruitless; and, more dead than alive, I gave up the struggle. But the struggle within! A dread seized me which I cannot describe: I was a murderer! The blood of my school-fellow was on my soul! Tom Wickham was standing on the very spot where he stood when the accident happened, as white as a ghost, with eyes gazing on the water, motionless. Poor Harry Travers, who was the youngest of the party, was crying with hysterical sobs, as he knelt down beside me, and chafed my numbed hands.

"O God, forgive me!" I cried, at last, "and help me to know what to do."

Then Tom turned and came up to me. "Bob Foster, this is very awful, it's more than we can bear. Come back to the school."

"No! never—never more back to the school, Tom! I must be off somewhere—I do know where—but I cannot stay here. Good-bye, old fellows. Tell all, and I will try to escape. God bless you!"

But they wouldn't let me go. Harry Travers fastened on to me, and, forgetting his manliness, kissed my forehead like a girl, and uttered such a plaintive cry, that it touched the little bit of my heart which was not turned to stone.

"Foster, you must go back; if you do not, we will both follow you wherever you go. Come, let us go to the old room, and sit down quietly, and think what we ought to do."

I could not resist their force and persuasion. I was too much bewildered to think or act for myself; and we went slowly and silently together. We only looked at each other as we heard the merry shout of the boys in the playground, but a pang shot through our hearts which I think I could not feel again and live.

Stealthily we walked to the back of the house, and crept along the corridor leading to our room. I felt faint and sick as my hand was on the door, and thought I should have fallen; but I opened it hastily, and—there was Edward Vernon Hill in a chair beside the table!

For an instant we all shuddered with a terrible fear, and thought it was his spirit; but the wet clothes over the back of the chair reassured us. Oh, how intensely thankful I felt; the tears ran down my cheeks in a shower as I shook Hill by the hand, and begged him to forgive me.

"Come, come," he said, and his voice and manner seemed changed; "to-day must end all differences with us for ever. I don't know that I have anything to forgive; whatever happened I brought upon myself, and I see I have carried my game too far. From this day we will all go upon a fresh plan, and we must all learn to understand one another better. If it had not been that I am a good swimmer, and as soon as I fell, saw my position in a twinkling, and dived down through the channel into the river, and so got round on the other bank, and home through the park—if it hadn't been for that, I should have been in eternity, and you would have been a murderer, and all for a foolish quarrel about who should be cock of the walk! It isn't worth it; and I, for one, give in."

"Hill, old fellow, you are a nobler being than I took you for. Tom Wickham, and Harry Travers, you are witnesses to our compact of friendship; and I adjure you always to give your votes for peacemaking."

From that day we were stanch friends. A better fellow than Hill never lived; but he had his peculiar ways, and I had not tried to understand them before. If I had, we never should have quarrelled at all; and I made up my mind, there and then, and I have kept my resolution ever since, never to judge men at first sight, or quarrel about petty differences, but let events take their own way, and they will settle themselves in time.

Hill and I spent the best part of the Christmas holidays together, and a jolly time we had of it.

"You know how to hit a good honest blow, straight from the shoulder," he said to me one day, with a laugh, when we were getting rather warm in an argument.

"Yes," said I; "and you know how to dive out of the way of another."

GEORGE THE BLACKSMITH.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



He, a sturdy young fellow is Blacksmith George;

For ne'er is he tired of anvil or forge;
With great iron hammer he bings and bangs,

Till the red-hot metal in answer clangs.

Behold him! he's tucked up the sleeves of his shirt,
For fear of the smoke, and the grime, and the dirt;
And his stalwart and nimble young arms declare
There's the make of a promising blacksmith there.

He can make strong nails, and delights in the noise
Of the hoops he has made for the merry school-boys;

And to-day he was trusted to shoe a great horse;
And he showed to be gentle is stronger than force.

When his day's work's done, to his home he goes,
And with baby plays till she dances and crows.
Oh, boys! never think, because you are strong,
You cannot be gentle, as he of my song.

22.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

1. A man who listened to St. Paul,
And trembled at his stern command.
 2. A place once mentioned by St. Luke—
A village in the Holy Land.
 3. One by a miracle destroyed,
Usurping an unlawful claim.
 4. A houseless, wand'ring, sober tribe,
Who kept their founder's law and name.
 5. A prophet's servant, false and base,
Was smitten for his greed of gain.
 6. Name, too, a well-known mountain, where
A Prince of Midian was slain.
 7. He who was rais'd to highest pow'r,
Once kept his father's flocks and herds.
- The initials of these names will show
A maxim in St. Peter's words.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PROGRESS.

"Though losses and crosses be lessons right severe,
There's wit there ye'll get there ye'll find no otherwhere."

BURNS



HERE was such an expression of grief and dismay in Norman's face, that the good-natured toll-man, looking hard at him, said, "You're not up to any tricks, are you? No nonsense about making a hole in the water—which is the way with some youngers in their tantrums—eh?"

What answer the youth might have returned to a question that, while it shocked him, showed how wretched he must look, was interrupted by a woman, who, carrying a clothes-basket, came panting to the bridge. She put down her load as she dived into her pocket for the copper; and the toll-keeper, who knew her, said, "That's a heavy load for you." "Yes," she answered; "it ought to have gone home last night, but my lazy lout never came home; and how ever I shall get it to Grosvenor Place is more nor I can tell."

"Can I help you?" said Norman, in a trembling voice that was both timid and eager.

"You, sir! lor! you're very good. If you wouldn't mind, now, I'd take it kindly if you give a hand to it," pointing to the basket; "but you aint used to—"

"He's hard up a bit—can't pay the toll," interrupted the man; "and so I should think aint above earning an honest penny."

"No, that I am not," rejoined the youth. Without another word the woman put an extra coin in the toll-keeper's hand, and Norman, taking a handle of the basket, trudged at her side. Every now and then the woman, as they passed the dimly-burning lamps, glanced at him curiously, and coming to a coffee-stall, where early breakfasts were served, she set down the basket, and saying, "We'll rest a bit," called for two cups of coffee and two penny loaves of bread. Our famished Norman, as he partook with her of this needful refreshment, heard a man passing call the street "Paradise Row." His notions of bliss just then were very humble, for he thought it was indeed paradise to him. It may be that the remembrance of many times that he had sat moodily at his meals rose to his mind, for, with a pang, he admitted, "Marian was right; I was ungrateful." As the barrier of self-esteem, in which it had been his nature to entrench himself was loosened, there came a wholesome resolution to try to correct the pride and impatience of his character. The discipline of life was moulding him to better things. As soon as the hasty meal was swallowed, the basket was resumed, and passing the college in their road, they trudged on till they entered a part of the town that Norman knew, leading to Grosvenor Place. A few minutes before they reached their destination his companion grew confidential, and told him she worked for a laundress at

Battersea, and that she was anxious to take home this particular basket herself, because the Dowager Lady Pentreal, who was going out of town that day, was very charitable, and had done no end of kind things for her. "Her ladyship's a widdier like me—lor! not like me, neither, for I've to fight for five children, and all hers be gentlemen and ladies. But you see if life aint the same, death is; and a kind lady as grieves over a grave, thinks of them as ha'n't no time to grieve, only innardly."

By this time they were at the area gate, and Norman, to whom both the name and the place were suggestive, looked up curiously at the house, thinking of the charity that had been bestowed from that house on the impostors he had left, and of his own innocent share in the deception. The guilt which, by imposture, diverts the channel of benevolence from the virtuous poor to a set of luxurious swindlers, appeared in all its enormity to Norman, and the wish to see Lady Pentreal was strong in his mind. He knew his illness had been made a plea to obtain her help. She had meant to do him a kindness, and he was grateful for her intention; but as to any method of getting to see her, coming as he did, as the assistant porter of the laundress's basket, it was impossible. Indeed, he drew off from the area gate to the kerbstone, pulled his cap over his face, and, with a flush on his thin cheek, was bidding his companion good morning, when she pulled out fourpence and handed it to him. He had breakfasted, humbly it is true, but yet sufficiently, and no longer goaded by the pangs of hunger, he felt he could not take the money. "No no," he said, putting her hand back, "you've paid me already quite enough—no, no."

"Now, don't you go to be a tossing your head like a horse, until you knows where your oats is to come from, young man. I'm a mother, and I knows what's what. You hadn't a blessed copper at that there bridge, as is a imposing nuisance, no doubt, but you've fairly earned sixpence—twopence is spent for—"

"Oh, don't reckon it; you are very kind; thank you."

At that moment the gate was unlocked by a cross-looking serving-man, who rushed down again in a great hurry, leaving the laundress to descend the steps with her burden as best she could. Pulling his cap still lower, Norman went to her aid, and when they reached the lower hall the woman put her hand on his arm. "You stop here," she said, and was disappearing, when the footman, they had already seen, darted out of a pantry, and said—

"Could your boy, Mrs. Riley, go a message for me? What with my lady going away to-day, and all the bustle, I don't know which way to turn."

"Certainly, leastways I think so," said Mrs. Riley, rather confused, looking at Norman, who involuntarily added—

"I can go. What is it to do?"

"Only to take a letter. There's a pretty go come to

light. I could ha' told how it 'ud be, my lady a raking in gutters among the scum of the earth."

"Mr. Jenkins, the scum mostly rises far away from the gutters," said the Widow Riley, offended; "but," checking herself, "no doubt, he'll carry the letter. Is he to wait an answer?"

"Yes, he must wait, and be back sharp."

As he spoke, Norman recognised his voice. It was the bringer of the basket to Mrs. Fitzwalter's.

Norman took the note, which was addressed to Dr. Griesbach, Gloucester Place. As he set off on his new mission, his way lying through Hyde Park, Norman began to fear lest he might be met or recognised. He need not have feared. Mr. Hope was not likely to be out; and except Marian or his sister, there was no one sufficiently interested in the gaunt lad to notice him as he sped along with closely-buttoned jacket and slouched cap. He was soon at his destination, and found the hall of Dr. Griesbach's house filled with poor patients waiting their turn to see him. The servant who opened the door did not ask Norman's business, but, looking in his face, at once pointed him to a bench in the hall, and saying, "Just in time, young man," retreated so suddenly, that our youth found himself, with the letter in his hand, amid a throng, and, unacquainted with what was going on, sat down to wait patiently for further inquiries, little deeming what would arise from that visit.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CATECHETICAL.

"Keen as a razor was both glance and speech;
And yet, like oil, kindness oft tempered each."

WE left our poor wandering Norman, by a mistake of the servant, seated in the physician's hall, waiting for an audience.

"It's your turn now," and Norman, rather wondering, went in, as he had seen others do, and found behind the baize door a lobby leading into a small room, where at a desk sat a gentleman, whose keen eyes and vigorous look contrasted with his white hair.

"Well, my man, and what ails you?" he said, in a quick voice, with the slightest foreign accent.

"I've brought a letter from Lady Pentreal."

"I don't read letters while my patients wait."

Norman was retreating, when he ventured to say, "I am the only person left in the hall."

"You! What, have you been waiting with the patients, eh? What a dolt you must be!"

The very unflattering words were spoken in a good-natured tone, and Norman stammered out—

"I did not understand her."

"No, I see you did not. Well, well; you're a patient, in a sense, I see, or without sense, eh?"

Laughing, he opened the letter, which contained an enclosed note, and ran it through, commenting, in an under-tone—

"Exactly—just as I've told her, again and again. These fools of women!—well-meaning, but soon hoodwinked. Well, sir," suddenly addressing Norman, whose eyes were fastened on the enclosure, "and you're to take my answer, eh? Tell Lady Pentreal I know nothing of

the jade and her accomplices. She'd better, as I before told her, send to the Mendicity Society's office. They'll rout them out. It's, no doubt, a nest of begging-letter impostors. This precious concern"—shaking the note enclosed—"has done duty before. I was shown a similar letter yesterday, at my countrywoman's, Madame Rudersdorf's."

The doctor held, as he spoke, the letter enclosed, which Norman instantly recognised as one of the many he had been set to copy; and, without knowing, in his confusion, what he was doing, with his face in a flame, he cried, involuntarily—

"I copied it."

He stopped abruptly.

"You! What do you mean?" said Dr. Griesbach, fastening his eyes on him, and his manner changing from half satirical banter to earnestness.

Abashed and silent, Norman stood.

"Come, sir, you're staggered by the kick of your own gun. Explain. Where did you copy this, and who set you to do it?"

"I did not know that I was writing lies."

"Hem! that's pretty plain speaking. Go on, and let me hear how you came to so popular an employment. Only, I warn you, that if you attempt anything in that line on your own account, you had better not have come to me. I fancy you're as badly off as a live rat in a trap, with a terrier just at hand, if you're lying."

"I'm no liar, sir," said Norman, looking up frankly at Dr. Griesbach. And immediately he related the outline of what our readers know, from the time he saw the fire; not omitting the cause of his being obliged to remain, to his great annoyance.

The doctor laughed heartily at his dilemma as to clothes. "Poor, featherless biped! I fancy that you've had a lesson on the worth of clothes you'll not soon forget. But how, pray, came you first of all on Westminster Bridge at four o'clock in the morning? In short, what's your name? and who are you? Come, the unities, if you please: a story is nothing without them. Name—time—place."

Norman was silent and confused.

"Ha! you've not told me lies; but you've concealed the truth: that's nearly as bad."

"I have only concealed what concerns myself."

"Exactly; and that I must know. You did not drop from the skies on to Westminster Bridge, eh?"

"I was seeking employment."

"Run away from your father and mother?"

"I have no father and mother," said the boy, earnestly. There was a moment's pause, and he added—"I'm willing to work. All I want is work—honest work."

The doctor, with a curl of his lip, looked at the letter, and said the one word, "Honest!" in a significant tone that further roused Norman.

"Yes, honest. When I found, or, rather, fancied, it was not honest work they set me to, I ran away."

"Aye, true; that's your way, Mr. Nobody, of settling difficulties, I see. But, come; you'd better go with me to a magistrate and tell this story."

"What, against them?"

"Of course—a couple of impostors."

"I'd rather not."

"And why, pray?"

"Because I was certainly ill there, and they sheltered me. I have eaten their bread. No; I'd rather not."

"Why, you have told me."

"I told you in confidence, as one gentleman might tell another."

"Upon my word, you honour me. Your name, I think, must be Don Loftus Umbra." But as he spoke his mood changed, and, checking his laughter, he said—"How do I know that every word you have uttered—your coming from Lady Pentreal's, and this fanfaronade you have told me—is not all a lie? Do you know I can send for a policeman, and compel you to unmask these people you have written lies for, and also to give an account of yourself?"

"You could, sir; but you would not. I need not have said one word. Is the truth to be fatal to me?"

The poor lad spoke the last words as if to himself, and in such a tone of depression, that Dr. Griesbach rose from his chair, and held out his hand—

"No, my boy, no; never distrust truth. It is the salt that keeps the world from rottenness. You haven't told me all the truth, by a long way; but I trust you, for the sake of what you have spoken. You're rather poor to pretend to keep a conscience; but as you have some scruples about telling any one but me—an ancient and remarkably well-known comrade certainly—even so. They'll find their way, those impostors, to their master, the father of lies, quickly enough, without your help, doubtless. I shouldn't wonder but your decamping will cause them to unearth in that quarter; so I'll write a line to Lady Pentreal. Bless me! her ladyship has been forgotten," looking at his watch. "We shall keep her waiting. But you did not tell me how you came to have her note in your possession."

Norman had left off his narrative with the account of regaining his clothes, and escaping. With sad gallings to his pride, he related the helping to carry the basket, and the footman's mission.

"Upon my word! Then, which am I to consider you—the washerwoman's assistant, or the footman's messenger?"

"I could not choose my work," replied Norman, doggedly.

"Exactly; and I fancy that the old home, wherever it was, would employ you better, my fine fellow. Try to eat a little of that wholesome dish—humble pie—and go back again."

"No, sir; I was a burden. I want to earn my living."

"So—so——" He scratched a hasty line, and as he was writing, a servant brought in a tray with a pot of chocolate.

"Bring another cup," said Dr. Griesbach. When the man returned, with the cup and an extra supply of dry toast, the note was finished. Before giving it to Norman, the doctor poured out two cups of chocolate, and, pointing to the youth to help himself, seemed to sink into a reverie so deep as to be unconscious of his presence. Norman did not interrupt him, but took the refreshment in silence, wondering where and how his next meal would be obtained. Suddenly, with

a start that told how completely he had been lost in thought, Dr. Griesbach said, as if continuing a conversation—

"And you really want work, and wouldn't mind that it was hard, constant, many hours, and little pay? You are proud, I see; are you idle also?"

What prompted Norman's words he knew not, but he made an answer that pleased the doctor.

"I hope I'm too proud to be idle."

"Indeed! that'll do; the idiots who are too proud to work ought to starve. But mind, fine words don't deceive me, still less the man I shall send you to."

"Oh, sir, will you try me?" interrupted Norman, enthusiastically; then his voice fell, at hearing the words, "the man I shall send you to."

"I've nothing for you to do; but a relation of mine, a man of genius, if you know what that is—you'll find out to your cost, perhaps"—this was said in an undertone, as if to himself—"wants help in his laboratory he's a chemist. If you're content to work hard and live hard, you may learn something there; if not, he'll soon turn you adrift, and serve you right."

"Yes," said Norman, naively.

"And now I'll send the answer to Lady Pentreal, and you can go to this address."

"But, sir, as I was trusted, hadn't I better go at once back to Grosvenor Place with your reply, and from thence to this place?" looking, as he spoke, at an address scrawled, in a large hand, on a letter—"Gustave Griesbach, Woodford, Essex."

"Why? it's so out of your way, my lad."

"I was trusted, sir."

"Oh, very well. And how do you go to Woodford? Have you any money?"

"I can walk," said Norman, taking the note for Lady Pentreal.

"It will do you no harm. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir; and—and—I cannot thank you as I should, sir."

He was at the door of the room, and his heart was full. Just as he was stammering, Dr. Griesbach called him back, and said—

"I've saved you telling any lies about your name; I've told my relative that I call you Don Umbra. He knows I like giving titles."

"Sir! If you please——"

"Well, what now?"

"That's a nickname."

"Upon my word, nothing suits you. Ah, lad, your own name is best."

"I know it; but I don't want to be found out."

"Well, perhaps, if it's an honest name, you should not bear it until you deserve it, and win it back. So, come, you're Driftwood; and, let's see, what first name?"

"Norman, sir."

Dr. Griesbach laughed. "Oh, certainly; that sounds well. Norman Driftwood let it be." And, taking the Woodford letter from the youth's hand, he unfastened it, and added a line, replaced it in the envelope, and put a large seal on it, saying, "Now, go, Norman le Grand; I've wasted too much time on you."

It was evident that the doctor's penetration was at

fault in the last particular, and that he thought the name of Norman a fabrication. In the letter he sent to his relative, he said—

I send you a stray walf, that may stick with you, and do your work. He has no character, or a doubtful one; but as you never have kept one of the young gentlemen, with highest testimonials and connections, that have come to you, try this fellow, whom I call (after an erasure was written) "Norman Driftwood."

It was while the emotions of a grateful heart sent a flush to the thin cheek, and dilated the large, lustrous, dark eyes of the youth, that the door opened, and a young girl came running in, displaying a pair of hand-screens. She did not see Norman. "Papa! papa, do see what little True has sent me." Then, noticing the youth, and knowing she had no right to be in that room, "Oh, I beg pardon, papa. Jervis said the patients were all gone." Her pause and flush and retreating step had a timid, fawn-like grace; and the doctor laid his hand on her head, and said, in a low tone, shaking his head—

"Ella the Effervescent, as usual."

Norman was sufficiently prompt to bow and hasten off, but that momentary glimpse, something of a ray of mingled inquiry and pity that gleamed from those bright eyes, darted into his soul, and photographed a likeness there which was destined to remain for many days. He considered that the reason of his emotion was because the young lady was about Mysie's age. "My poor dear sister!" he sighed; and then he thought, "Ella is that sweet girl's name."

With wonderfully revived spirits the youth made his way back to Grosvenor Place. He seemed so different, that the footman, who was looking out anxiously for his messenger, scarcely recognised him, and drew out, with considerable hesitation, a sixpence as the recompense. Norman put it aside. Just then a cab came up, and the driver jumped down to speak to the footman, who was his brother.

"Do you want a lift?" said the footman. "Which way are you going?"

"To Woodford," replied Norman.

With a long "whe-w!" the man added—"Well, my brother Bob, here, is a-going to the City. Jump up on the box."

The proposition was accepted, and Norman mounted, just as one of the maid-servants, in charge of a large parcel, entered the cab.

Certainly, Dr. Griesbach might have paid the lad's expenses to Woodford; but he was just the man to test Norman's assertion, that he wanted work, by making the task hard at the outset. His real purpose was to drive the boy to disclose his name and return to his friends. If so, he little knew the power of endurance that was his, and that would stand him in good stead at the abode to which Dr. Griesbach's strange note introduced him, and which he reached, footsore, and weary too, for want of sleep, about midnight.

(To be continued.)

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